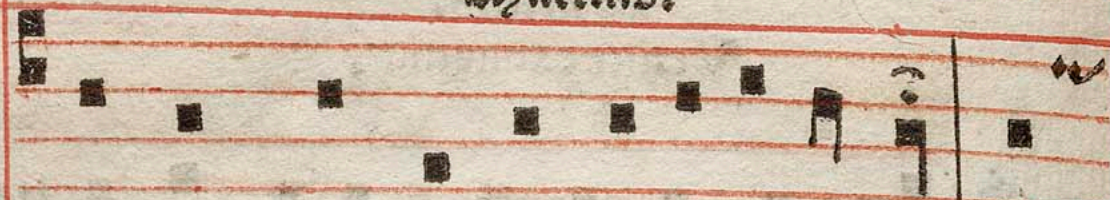

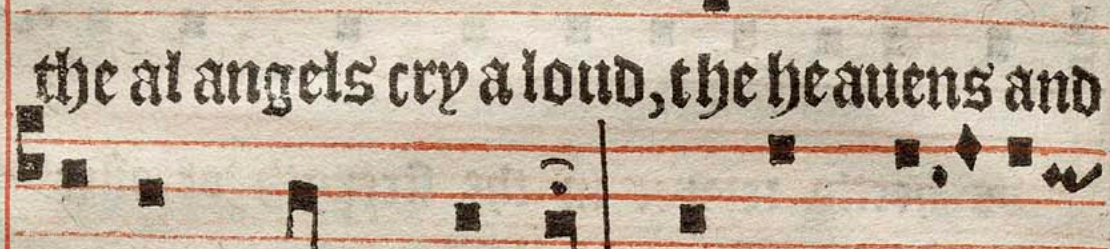

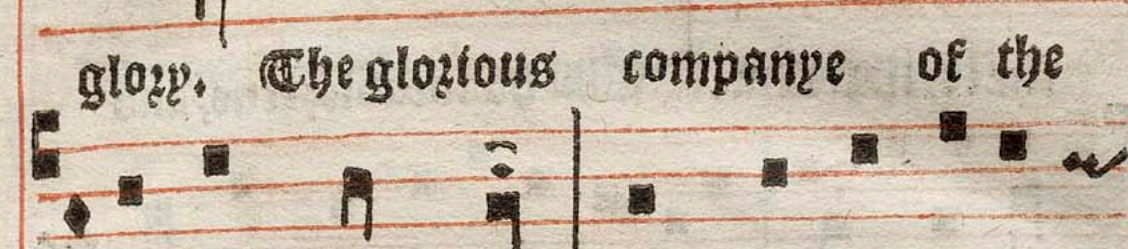
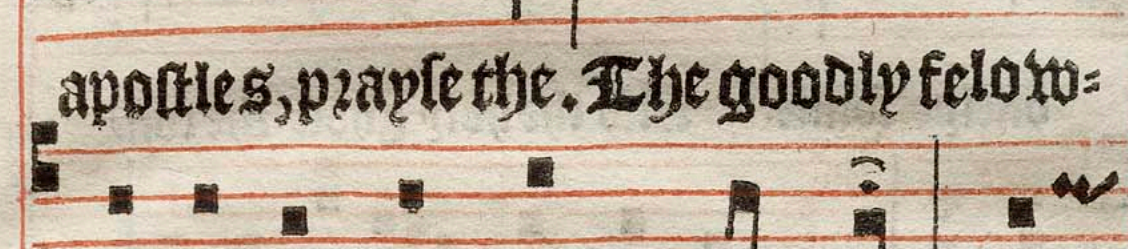
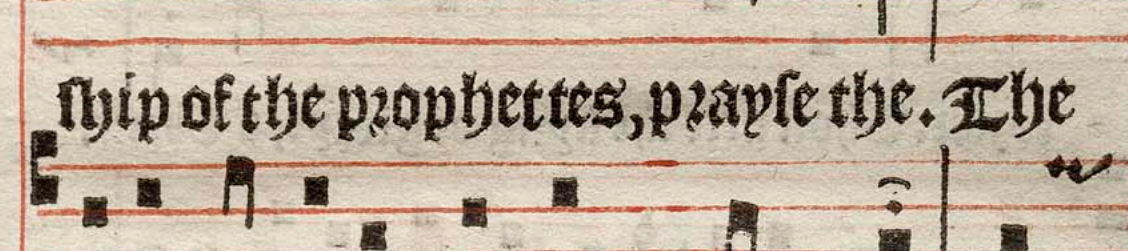
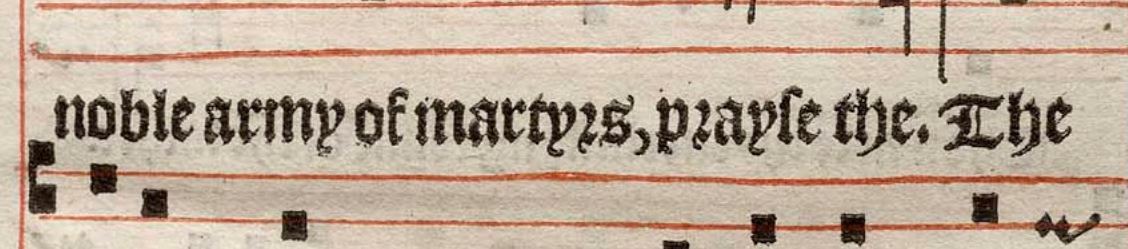
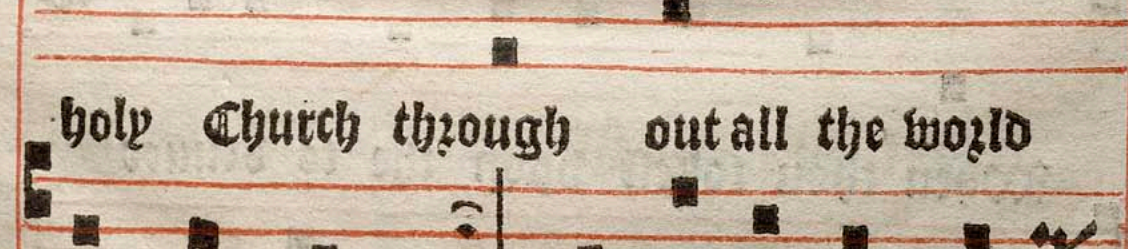


Matins.

  
 worshipp the, the father everlasting. To  
  
 the al angels cry a loud, the heauens and  
  
 all the powers therein. To the cherubin,  
  
 and Seraphin continually do crye. Holy,  
  
 holy, holy, lord god of sabaoth. Heauen  
  
 and earth are full of the maiestye of thy  
 gloꝝy

Matins.

  
 gloꝝy. The glorious compayne of the  
  
 apostles, prayse the. The goodly felow-  
  
 ship of the prophettes, prayse the. The  
  
 noble army of martyrs, prayse the. The  
  
 holy Church through out all the world  
  
 doth knowlege the. The father of an in-  
 B. iij finite